NEWS
FROM THE
NEW-EXCHANGE:
OR, THE
COMMON-WEALTH of LADIES:
Drawn to the LIFE, in their ſeveral
Characters *and* Concernments.

MARTIALIS, *Lib.* IV. *Epig.* 71.

Quæro diu, totum greſſus agitando per urbem,
Si qua puella negat, nulla puella negat.
Tanquàm fas non ſit, tanquàm ſit turpe negare;
Tanquàm non liceat, nulla puella negat.
Caſta igitur nulla eſt? Caſtæ ſunt mille. Quid ergo
Caſta facit? Non dat; non tamen illa negat.

OVIDIUS.

——— *Caſta eſt quam nemo rogavit.*

London: Printed, in the Year of WOMEN *without* GRACE, 1650.
Re-printed; eke in the *ſame* Place,
I' the Year of WOMEN with *ſome* GRACE, 1731.

Whereunto (by way of APPENDIX) are ſubjoined
The LOYAL SATYRIST (Characterizing the *Males* of thoſe Days, as the other does the *Females*) With
An APOLOGY for the EXCHANGE WOMEN.

The SECOND EDITION, With a Compleat KEY.

LONDON:
Printed by THO. EDLIN, for Captain GULLIVER, near the *Temple*; and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, 1731. [Price 1s.]

Courteous Reader.

I AM to acquaint thee, that had not a communicative, noble-ſpirited PATRON of mine indulg'd me with a Tranſcript of the exquiſite PIECE I here preſent thee with, I could not poſſibly therewith have pleaſur'd thee; ſince among my many Acquaintance, ſome of them great Collectors of Curioſities, I have not found one who ever ſet Eyes on it.—I preſume thou takeſt me right, as to my Meaning: If not, I muſt alſo inform thee, that I am all this while meaning no other than my NEWS from the NEW-EXCHANGE, or, The COMMON-WEALTH of LADIES, &c. And not a little proud I am at my having it to give thee, for ſome Part of thy Entertainment this Holy-Day Time: It may, perhaps, help to keep thee from worſe and leſs laudable Occupations.

Glad at Heart I ſhould alſo have been, could I have oblig'd thee with the Name, or Names of its worthy Author, or Authors. But, Alas! particular Care is taken in that Point; and thou wilt find it concludes with a Deprecation from all the apprehended Jeopardies. But whoſoever he, or they were, thou needeſt not to doubt of his, or their Adeptneſs, and Sufficiency for ſuch a Task, being ſo uncommonly well-read in the Book of WHO and WHO together. The Great PERSONAGE, who favour'd me with it, is diſpos'd to judge it Part of the Labours of the famous Mr. J. Canne, then INTELLIGENCER-GENERAL of Great-Britain: But a LADY, who perus'd my MS. Copy is firmly of Opinion, that ſo knowiug a Performance conld iſſue only from the intelligent Pen of a PROCURER-GENERAL.

Be it as it will (as the elaborate Author of our Poſt-Boy elegantly has it) wilt thou not be ſurpriz'd at finding ſuch ranting Doings going foward, even in the Times of the Saints? At finding the ELECT, I ſay, not a Jott leſs zealous in propagating the Good Old Trade of Baſket-making, than in the Advancement of the Good Old Cauſe? For my own Part, I know ſeveral down-right Infidels, in this very Point, who obſtinately aver that ſuch Things are only in Practiſe among the RANTERS. But once more I ſay, (with G. J.) Be all that as it will.

But a propos; before I forget ſo material a Point. We were above talking of Names. Now I am next to acquaint thee, that, in the Printed Copy, from whence I took this, every individual Name ſtands glaring at full Length, and ſeveral were for having me e'en follow my Copy. But begging their Pardons, I deſir'd to be excus'd

No! far be it from me. I am so much of a Spaniard *as to be very scrupulous how I expose a* Lady's *Frailties. All true-bred Cavaliers of that* grave *Nation have almost perpetually in their Mouths this praise-worthy* Adage, *viz.* Mira por la Honra de las Damas, *i. e.* Be *careful* of the *Honour* of the *Ladies.—And what can be more generous than this! It is no Fable, I myself knew a* Spaniard *fight two Duels most gallantly, and was at last basely assassinated, by* Bravoes, *at* Valencia, *for obstinately asserting a* Messalina *to be a second* Lucretia, *and that in the very Teeth of some who* knew better Things. *How are* We *and our Neighbours the* French *censur'd, nay hated, for not following that laudable Example!—All this I say by way of Apology for my not gratifying those who would fain have had not the least* Mincing *of* Matters. *Among others, one of them, a sprightly young Gentleman, of no mean Rank and Figure, frankly and ingenuously pointed out to us his own Maternal Great-Great-Grand-Mamma (which we may be* sure *is the* surest *Side) among our Author's* Nine Worthies, *urging his* Vote, *against* Castration *of* Names, *with these very Words:* "Shall I be such a Coxcomb, as to mind what was said, or thought of my *Grannum* four-score Years ago!" *My Reply was:* Good Sir: The *Piece* will certainly bear several smart *Annotations, Illustrations,* and the like, and would indeed be abundantly more acceptable, to some People, with than without a *Key*; but as for all that Part of the *Story*, it must and shall (*if ever it does*) come from some other *Quarter.*"—*With regard to the* Gentlemen (*who have* broader Backs) *thou wilt find I am not so scrupulous; tho' some I have veil'd, where I apprehended their* Names *might discover their* Female *Relatives.—Thus much have I thought convenient to advance, with relation to the Matter in Question; having thereon only to add; That* I can't help hugging my-self at the Thoughts of my Happiness, in living in an Age when the *Generality* of our Fine, Great *Ladies* (to all *Appearance*) seem as far to excel those of the *Saints* Days, in *Real Vertue*, as they come short of them in *Hypocrisy* and *Pretended Sanctity.*

As to the rest, being naturally of a very hospitable *Disposition, and deeming this* Piece, *notwithstanding its* SWEETNESS, *to be a too* SHORT Repast *for thy* Entertainment, *I give thee likewise,* Benevolent Reader, *other* Dishes, *by way of* Desert, *that thou mayst not rise from my* Table *with an* Angry Stomach.

Concerning these *I shall only animadvert unto thee, that they are almost, not quite, contemporary* Products *with the* Former. *Therefore* fall-to.

News from the *New-Exchange*, &c.

THERE was a Time in *England* when Men *wore* the *Breeches*, and debarred Women of their *Liberty*; which brought many Grievances and Oppreſſions upon the *weaker Veſſels*: For they were conſtrain'd to converſe only with the *Homes* and *Cloſets*, and now and then with the *Gentleman-Uſher*, or the *Footman* (when they could *catch* him) for *Variety*. So that, in thoſe Days, there was no ſuch Thing as the Servant, the Friend or the Intimate in ordinary: Nor durſt they be acquainted with the *Mode* of *Drink*, *Dice* and *Tobacco*; or *roar* and *convert* their *Smocks* into *Cullenders*, to *ſtrain* Healths of *Sack* into *Beer-Glaſſes*, and take them off aſtride upon Mens Shoulders.

In Conſideration whereof, and divers others Inconveniencies, thro' the Tyranny of Men, the *Ladies-rampant* of the Times, in their laſt *Parliament*, knowing themſelves to be a Part of the *Free* People of this Nation, unanimouſly reſolv'd to aſſert their own *Freedom*; and caſting off the intolerable Yoke of their *Lords* and *Husbands*, have *voted* themſelves the *Supreme Authority*, both at *Home* and *Abroad*, and ſettled themſelves in the Poſture of a *Free State*, as may appear by their Practiſes.

In the firſt Place, for the well-ordering of their *Militia*, they have liſted themſelves under the Conduct of the Right Honourable the Counteſs of *K*——, and the old Counteſs of *E*——, who ought to lead the *Van*, being well experienced *Soldiers*, who have paſſed thorough all *Offices* of *Venus*'s Wars, from a *Coporal* to a *Colonel*. Theſe two are the only Pillars

of Nobility and Hoſpitality, who, to breed up the *Young Fry* in the *Myſteries* of the *Sexes*, have erected an *Academy*, which is opened every *Sunday* Night at the Counteſs of *K*——'s, and every *Thurſday* at my Lady of *E*——'s. There *Suppers* are reckon'd moſt convenient, becauſe the *Bed* follows: And it is judged the beſt Way of Digeſtion after the *Lectures*; they never being upon any other Subject but WHO *with* WHO, *Miſtreſſes* and *Servants*, and the *Act* of *Well-doing*, which muſt needs break the *Academy* of *Well-ſpeaking*, and ſoon make the *Italian* Knight loſe all his *Cuſtom*, for going the *wrong Way* to *work* with our *Engliſh* Ladies. — And if he dares diſpute the Matter, we will refer it to my Lady *C*——.

This is a Lady indeed, who *ſeven* Years ſince took *Sail* with *Preſbytery*, being *charged* in the *Fore-Deck* by Maſter *Hollis*, in the *Poop* by Maſter *Pym*, while ſhe *clapped* my Lord of *Holland* under *Hatches*. And this was a lucky *Supply* at that Time, becauſe *Toby Mathews* and *Wat Montague* were both *fled* for *Religion*. About *three* Years ſince, being weary of that *Faction*, ſhe revived a Correſpondence upon the *Royal* Account; and among the reſt with divers *Foreign* Embaſſadors, eſpecially with Monſieur *Believerie*, till ſhe was put in the *Tower*, where ſhe now pines away for Want of *Freſh Cod*, and knows not which Way to *lead* her *Nags* to *Water*, ſince the *State* has cut off all her *Pipes* of *Intelligence*.

After her comes the old Lady *P*——, who would very fain be young again. A *Preſbyterian* Lady too, who caſts a ſad Look for the Downfal of her *Faction*, and ſings the *Lamentation* of a *Sinner* for the Loſs of Maſter *Hollis*; but above all for the *irreparable* Loſs ſhe had in *Tom Gell*, when my Lady *R*—— got him from her.

It were Pity my old Lady *D*—— and theſe *two* ſhould be parted; for the *Preſbytery* was ſettled firſt in her Houſe, by the *Scottiſh* Commiſſioners, where the Lords *Louden*, *Lauderdale* and *Dumferling* were *clapped* in her *Hole* of *Repentance*, to forward the Work of *Reformation*.

And now we talk of *Reformation*, G—d help my Lady *S*——, whoſe Sins are as big as her Body, and whoſe Faults are better known at Home than Abroad, ſince the Death of the old Duke of *Buckingham* and my Lord of *Holland*. A very charitable Mother ſhe is to all her Children; but eſpecially to her Daughter, my Lady *S*—, having helped her to a *Touch* with her Son-in-Law, my Lord *L*——; tho' my Lord *S*—— himſelf, like a croſs-grain'd Father, * came in and took her airing his *Drawers*. This Lady *S*—— continues her *Clack* going ever ſince, to draw *Griſts* to the *Mill*, and is, at this Time, one of the greateſt *Courſers* upon the *New-Exchange*. She out-drinks a *Dutch-Man*, out-jilts a *Courteſan*, and is good at all *Games*, but loves none like *In and In*, and ſometimes ſhe is for *Paſſage*. In League with her are all the *Hat-and-Feather* Gallants; the *Feather* being the proper *Hieroglyphic* of her Condition, and the *Badge* of her *Faction*.

As for her good Siſter, the young Lady *D*——, ſhe has been a very *ſad* Women ever ſince the Death of my Lord *John*; but ſince that, ſhe has been rid of her *Qualm* by *Tom Killegrew*, who is now gone Embaſſador from *Jerſey* into *Italy*, on Purpoſe to fetch her a *Muſk-Cod* to perfect the Cure.

This Family is both large and godly; and therefore we muſt not forget my Lady *C*——, who lives in a *Scottiſh* Miſt, between *Light* and *Darkneſs*; ſo that *groping* often for the *Truth*, ſhe now and then *lays hold* upon the *Preacher*, and put him beſides his *Text*, in an Error. She *plays* above-board with Maſter *Sackville*, under-board with Maſter *Sterry*, and ſeveral other *Captains* who uſually preach *before* her and the *Council* of *State*. She has preferr'd one *Lee*, Lecturer at St. *Martin*'s, to read *Lectures* on *Sunday* Nights, to the whole Family, concerning *Due Benevolence*; which gave Occaſion to Miſtreſs *P*——, an *Intimate* of theirs, to commend his Doctrine before all others.

And

* Lady *S*—— was warming her Brother *L*——'s Drawers by the Fire-ſide.

And now, not forgetting a certain over-thwart Neighbour of theirs, we muſt think of my Lady *F*——: An old *Miſtreſs* and a young *Saint*; one whoſe *Proportion* puts us in Mind of her *Excellencies*; and he who means to *board* her muſt put off his Doublet and *ſwim*, it being of the ſame *Size* with a *Fiſh-Pond*: Yet it is *ten* to *one* if he eſcape *ſinking*; ſince ſhe is ſomewhat of Kin to *Goodwin Sands*, having ſwallow'd up Abundance of whole *Families*, many *Blue-Garters* and *Georges*, with *Earls* and *Barons* innumerable. Among them, as the lateſt (tho' of long Continuance) is the Lord *Willoughby* of *Parham*, who has now taken a Journey to the *Barbadoes*, and means to *pipe* her *one* Way ſince he cannot *another*: In order whereunto, he has promis'd her a whole *Plantation* of *Tobacco*, it being her proper Element; ſo that, ſince my Lord finds *Smoak*, Sir *Humphry* may, in Time, have *Bacon*. I would have this Lady well *preferred* in the *Common-Wealth*; ſhe being now a great *Retailer* of *Courteſies*.

And truly her Daughter, my Lady *P*—— (for ought I ſee) is reſolv'd to keep up the *Trade*, having a Husband for the Purpoſe: This is that doughty Knight Sir *G*—— *P*——, once celebrated in *Comedy*, and pawned upon the *Stage* (as well as at the *Tavern*) in a *Joint-Stool* for a Reckoning. He, Sir *Samuel Lake*, *Jeffery* and Little *Trott*, may help to make up the Nine *Worthies* among the *Pigmies*, and might paſs for rare Champions in *America*, to erect a new *Common-Wealth* among the *Monkies*. Indeed, take Sir *G*——, Horns and all, and he is a very formidable *Monſter*: So that it is no Wonder if his Lady be reprehended by her Mother, for being *Bulled* by an *Urchin*. She is a great *Wit*, and *plays* with an old *Sophiſter*, Doctor *Smell-Smock*, alias Maſter *Osbaſton*, who *jerks* her both *behind* and *before*; therefore Maſter *Lenthal*, tho' he has play'd *Truant* a great while, may the rather eſcape a *Whipping*.

Come, take your *Turn*, Miſtreſs *G*——; for you have had many a *one* by that excellent *Squire* of the *Body*, young *Lenthal*, who has the Art to *love*, if the Women *love* him. They ſay,

ſay, that Lord *Northampton* makes *Love* one Hour to you, and beats out the Brains of it in a Quarter. This Gentleman broaches *Maxims* very dangerous to the *Common-Wealth* of *Women*, viz. "That there is no Woman *honeſt*. That Women "would become unneceſſary in the World, if that damnable "Principle of *Honeſty* ſhould be profeſſed. That originally "there was no ſuch Quality as *Honeſty*; only it was inſinuated "by the Perſuaſion of our Firſt Mother, to keep Females from "being *debauched* in their Nurſe's Arms."—— All which has been applauded, ſubſcribed and ſealed to, by the ſame *Gentleman*, over and over.

Now, as a brave * *Woman-Man* of *Mettle*, hey for my Lady *H*——. Since Sir *E*—— is in Heaven, the *fitteſt* Mate for her upon Earth muſt needs be *Anis-Water Robin*; for they may *fit* one another by *Turns*, and be beholden to No-Body. This Lady over-rid and excarnated no leſs than *three* of her Women in her Husband's Life-Time, and has left no Part of *four* of her *Gentlemen-Uſhers* viſible in this World, except their *Perukes*; but the *Fifth* eſcapes yet, and may, perhaps, for a Twelvemonth.

Room next for my Lady *K*——; who having been lately in *France*, has brought over ſome *Italian* Tricks with her. The only Wit in that Houſe is *New Letchery*, and her Daughter is *Votre Servante*. The Mother ſhould have been married to my Lord of *N*——, at his coming out of Priſon, but that of late he is become as *dry* as his *Jeſts*; and the Talk of the Town diverted the Humour.

But my Lady *R*——, G--d wot, is a more *reſolute* Lover: For now that her Lord is out of Town, nothing can *ſtave* her *off* from *Tom Gell*. This Fellow the World ſuſpected to be *Eunuch* to my Lord of *Newcaſtle*; but now ſhe commends him for the *ſweeteſt Man* in the Univerſe; tho' of late ſhe has a great *Stroke* too with *Harry Martyn*.

And

* Suppoſed a *Hermophrodite*.

And now we talk of a *Stroke*, I can tell you of a notable *Striker*, one Miſtreſs *L*——, who has blown up and broke ſo many *French*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* Merchants, that none of late durſt deal with her but *Hugh Peters*, who, I hear, has pawn'd half the Fleet, at *Milford-Haven*, to provide her a *New-Year's Gift*; and this in Imitation of his *Maſters* at *Weſtminſter*, who ever put the *Charges* of their *Letchery* upon the *Account* of the *Publick*.

This Policy of *Hugh Peters* puts me in Mind of Godly *Gravener*, he who is *Commiſſary* to my Lady *F*——, who has pawned his *Commiſſion* for another Couple of *Flanders* Horſes, to make ſure of Mrs. *L*——: And ſhe, I think, has paid him pretty well; for the poor Gentleman has *ſpit* himſelf into a *Night-Cap*, and poſſibly the next *Remove* may be into a *Coffin*.

If ever the *new Common-Wealth* be *routed*, it muſt be by this Lady: For put but a little *Gun-Powder* to her *Mercury*, and you may ſoon *blow up* my Lord *Bradſhaw*. He, they ſay, has *audited* her *Phyſic-Bill*, and the *Council* of *State* finds many Faults in it: As,

Imprimis, one *Purge* for a *Clap* ſhe had from Sir *Harry Mildmay*, which was much *invenomed* by one he caught the Morning before from *Beſs* the *Cinder-Wench*.

Item, a *Plaiſter* for the *Swelling* in her *Groin*, which Maſter *Maten* gave her from a *Shanker* of his, and which he caught from the *Wench* he ſtole from his *Brother-Member* Sir *Roger North*.

Item, an *Aſtringent* for a *Ghonorrhea*, given her by Maſter *Scot*, which has been intailed upon him, and his Family, ever ſince he *ſtrained* at the *Brewer*'s Daughter, behind the *Ale-Fat*.

Item, for curing a *Pimple*, which my Lord of *D*—— intailed on the *Top* of her *Belly* from the *Tip* of his *Noſe*. The *Apothecary* pleaded this Cure to be extraordinary; becauſe the *Rubies* in his Lordſhip's *Noſe* might have created *Carbuncles* in her *Cabinet*, had it not been prevented, according to my Lord's own Direction, with an *Emollient Clyſter* over Night, a

Doſe

Doſe of *Pills* in the Morning, and an *Electuary*, from the ſame Lord, the Night following.

Item, for *fluxing*, *fuming*, *ſoaking* and *tubbing* of *H*——, a worthy *Member*; yet all will do no Good: For this Lady and he have been ſo long of the *ſame Humour*, that he cannot by any Means get rid of a *Rhume* which hangs on each Side of his Mouth; ſo that he is in a fair Way of being *Chap-fallen* before it is long. This *Malady* has been much exaſperated by an ill-prepar'd *Flux*, which has left him abundantly more of *Mercury* than of *Venus* in his Body.

Ask my Lady *L*—— elſe, who did for him all that Woman could do, ply'd him with Cordials and warm Plaiſters; but ſhe *broke his Head*, when ſhe ſaid, "*She wonder'd her Couſin* H—— *would have to do with ſo* rotten *a Woman!*" As ſhe *wounds* ſome, ſo ſhe *ſhaves* others; for ſhe has made Maſter *Love* a woful Example, who never wore any *Beard* ſince her firſt Acquaintance.

Oh, let us not now forget Miſtreſs *D*——; a Lady every Jot as *Independent* as the former: She has paid *Tribute* to all the *Deputies* of *Ireland*, and will not now forbear her Couſin *Cromwel*. She keeps mighty good Intelligence too with his Wife, and ſhe with *Hugh Peters*, and *Peters* with Miſtreſs *I*——, ſhe with *Bradſhaw*, he with Madam *C*—— as *Cromwel* with Miſtreſs *L*——*t*.

Now, enter my Lady *C*—— at a Conference over her Cups. "*Fie, Siſter, fie! never a* Beer-Glaſs *of* Sack *to Sir* William Sidley's *Health?—Yes, my Lady* C——, *here is one: Fill a* Brimmer *to That* Part *of my Siſter* C—— *which Sir* William *loves beſt.—It is well fill'd and fairly drank.——Now to do you Right, my Lady* Mary, *here is to you: To the compleating Sir* William's *Deſires, let it be* how, where *and* when *he pleaſes.—Come, Lady* Mary H—— *take Courage; tho' thy Fortune be but ſmall, yet having a good* Stroke, *thou ſhalt drink* Dormer *into Matrimony.*"

It

It is the Wonder of the World, why Sir *Kenelm Digby* ſhould be ſo mad for my Lady *M*——, ſince he *boarded* her, and the Gallies, at *Scanderoon*, much about the ſame Time, and has *rid* at *Anchor* ever ſince. It is a very hard Matter to know, whether ſhe be a Lady, or a *Leviathan*: Sure no *Weapon* but that of a *Goliah* can *fit* her *Scabbard*; nor can any *Hand* but his, with the ſix Fingers, ſufficiently *feel* her: And he who will *pleaſe* her (which her Ladyſhip abundantly loves) muſt convert a *Weaver*'s *Beam* into a *D—l—e*. If ſhe and Sir *Kenelm* go on with the *Match*, then let the *Saints* beware; for I believe *Gog* and *Magog* will come of the *Progeny*.

But what think you of the Lady Marchioneſs of *W*—— and Colonel *Warren*? Tho' my Lord be her *Husband*, yet the Colonel is the *Man*. Tho' my Lord has a good *Bauble* by Deſcent, and may *play* well, yet the Colonel *hits* the *Blot* oftener in his Lady's *Tables*. She is often *ſick*, and as often *ſwells*; and, by the Opinion of all the *Doctors*, no *Cure* is like *that* in private with her *Colonel*.

Boles too was an *able* Fellow once, before he came to *be* my Lady of *B*——'s Gentleman-Uſher: But you may gueſs how the World goes with him now; for he *dwindles* every Day, and ſome ſay, the *Calves* of his *Legs* are left in his Lady's *Belly*: So that when my Lord expected a Son, G—d knows it prov'd a *Moon-Calf*; and had it grown up to have *Horns*, my Lord might then have hoped it was of his own begetting.

Poor *Jack Young*, my Lady *M*—— bites hard too; for ſhe has *drawn* him ſo low, that he will never make *Mummy*, and therefore intends to prefer him for a living *Skeleton*, to *Surgeon's*-Hall, as a very neat Subject for an *Anatomy* Lecture. And, indeed, it is high Time he were ſome Way diſpos'd of; for his *Fore-Man* is ſo *flag* and his *Hams* ſo *feeble*, that my Lady is conſtrained ſtill to cry out; "*Thy* Finger *again* Jack."

I believe the *Parſon* too is puzzled, to interpret the Barrenneſs of my Lady *S*——. She gives him the *opening* of many a hard *Text*; ſo that he will have much ado to reſolve the *Tithe*

Tithe of her *Doctrine* into *Uſe* and *Application*: For, it is well known, ſhe is much given to *Hunting*, and has *run down* a whole *Kennel* at a Time, for Recreation. Her *Mouth*, like *Mopſa*'s, is *O Heavenly wide*; ſo that her *Tail* being of the ſame *Size*, in Dimenſion, it is poſſible *Samford* may paſs quite thorough her, booted and ſpurred, to ſeek new *Fortunes* in *America*.

There is another notable Lady too, newly come out of *France*, who knows all the *Feats* of that Country, and is ſet up in *England*; by Name, my Lady *M*——, all *Spirit* of *Sulphur*; for ſhe *takes Fire* immediately, and *evaporates* without *Conception*: So that we muſt leave her to the Skill of *Ben Weſton*, to provide a Son for my Lord *M*——. And if ever *Ben* means to effect it, let him *keep* her Ladyſhip *only* to *himſelf*, and recall her *Embaſſadors Ledger*, now ranſacking Town and Country for *Strong Backs*.

She trades not ſo *openly*, but others are as *cloſe*; yet *Murder* will out: For it is known well enough, tho' carried in private, how often Maſter *Villiers* has come the *Back-Way*, over a Wall, to the *Fore Way* of my Lady *S*—— alias *S*——; and ſhe uſually helps him down in her Arms, for fear of a *Straining*.

News! News! The *Dutcheſs* has a Son and Heir, in the Abſence of Prince *Rupert*.—But—— *&c.*

If Madam *N*—— ſhould not be *linked* with theſe Ladies, the *Chain* would never hold: For ſhe is Siſter to the famous Miſtreſs *P*—— (who of late plays the *Maquerelle* in Behalf of her own Son) and to the more famous Lady *M*—— (whoſe *Paint* is her *Pander*.) This Lady *N*—— leads the Lord *Bellaſis* in one Hand, and *Jack Ruſſel* in the other, and cuts a Kindneſs ſo equally between them, that Sir *Kenelm Digby* needed not to have *come in* to decide the Controverſy. Yet, having *beat* the *Buſh* ſo often, there is no Reaſon but he ſhould *catch* the *Bird*, and thoſe two Gentlemen, when he comes, be turn'd looſe to ruminate the Favour.

And, that this Lady may not go without her Fellow, if you are *coloured*, my Lady *Elizabeth D*——, appear as *S*——, alias *C*——'s Daughter.—Take Confidence, ſuch as your Siſter *S*—— did, when ſhe met *Hatton Rich* upon the Stairs, while her *Husband* (good Gentleman!) was making his *Will*. Manage your Deſign well: There is no Fear, but you may *trail* both Sir *Andrew* and Maſter *Glaſcock*, as long as they can *crawl*, and you *ſmile*. Theſe are very tractable Gentlemen, and hot mettled; the harder you ſtave them off, the fiercer they come on; the longer you hold them in *Play*, the more will the *Prize* be valued. This *Madam* is like a Polite *Merchant* in our *Common-Wealth*; and (if ſhe be not taken off by *Preferment*) may chance to ſpoil the Trade of all *Stallions* in *Penſion*, by teaching the reſt of the Ladies, how to *prize* their *Commodities*.

My Right Hand would forget its Cunning, ſhould the *Example* of all Women be left out. I mean my Lady *C*——, who, in my Lord *Rich*'s Time, was called my Lady *Mary C*——, but varied her Name when ſhe began to teach Soldiers how to *order* the *Pike*. This *Silken Granada* has *blown up* many a Garriſon: For ſhe ever *fired* well, *wounded* one Captain ſo that he *lies-in* ſtill, *fell* furiouſly on many others: And ſhe has one dangerous *Trick*; that if you will not *charge* her, ſhe will *charge* you. Upon theſe Terms ſhe met with a Colonel, one *Stamford*, whom, when ſhe had *worn out*, one Way as well as the other, ſhe *caſhiered* for Want of *Pay*, and took over his Head *George Porter*, whoſe Deſign is to *level* her even with his own *Principles*. On the other Side, ſhe, having ſmelled out his *Plot*, begins to grow weary of him, and plies the *Counter-Mine*; but knows not how to admit another, becauſe his *Mother* and his *Wife* ſtand *Centinels* at her Elbow. It is intended the *Life* of this *Lady*, e'er long, ſhall come out, in *Folio*.

But, it is an old Proverb, *There can be no* Play *without a* Fool *in it*. Alas! poor Maſter *P*——, who Twelve Months ſince

ſince was an *Earl*; but now, being made a poor *Commoner* of *England*, has *rallied* his *Forces*, and finds it neceſſary to *caſhiere* my Lady *M*—, my Lady *B*——, and my Lady *C*——,* having been very angry with her (for her moſt unreaſonable *Dunning* him for Money) deſired her to reſolve him this Queſtion; "*Whether he ſ---t Gold?*" This poor, over-ridden *Gentleman* lies now, at *Rack* and *Manger*, with a *Chamber-Maid* of my Lady *H*——'s.

Z——ds! We are now in a Godly Family; and the only People in the World who know how to *order* Women: For the Father keeps two *Wives* and a *Concubine*, as Priſoners. The Lord his Son (a poor *Commoner* too) rid his Hands of one Wife, and keeps this very cloſe, tho' *Jack Griffith* be in *France*: And ſo does *James* his too, tho' my Lord of *Oxford* be in *Holland*. As for *Jack*, with his *Spider's Shanks*, his *Miſtreſs* is not arrived to Fourteen yet, or elſe he would take the ſame Courſe as his Brothers, for Fear ſhe ſhould *ſuck* of the ſame *Teat* with her *Mother*.

We cannot name my Lady *C*—— too often. When *Tom Temple's* Stock could hold no longer, neither in Vigour, Wit nor Money, ſhe laid him aſide, like a ridiculous Fool, and jumped in with my Lord *Molyneux*, who *whipped up* her *Belly* here in *England*, and then ſhe got a *Paſs* to go over to her Husband, in *France*, that he might *Father* the *Bantling*. My Lord and ſhe are parted ſince, but how, it is not known; only we hear of great *Reſolutions* againſt *Teeming*, profeſſing, "*She will* "venture *no more for* Children."---But we fear her Ladyſhip muſt have one more, to pleaſe my Lord *Broncker*.

Hey! Now for the Nine *Worthies*, who, above all, deſerve the *Breeches*, to ride *aſtride* to the *Devil*. And, to lead the *Van*, march courageous young Lady *P*——, whoſe *Earl* is a *Wittol*, and her Father was a *Cuckold*, Gramercy old *P*——. This Lady makes nothing of three Gallons of *Uſquebagh* to Maſter *Stafford's* Health; and whatſoever the Gentleman *lends* her, his Wife *pays* him again, in the ſame *Coin*, at Home; according to my Lady's own *Maxim*, which ſays:

* *All one and the ſame Lady.*

'Ti

'Tis too much Flegm a Husband's Faults to ſmother:
If he takes one, 'tis fit I take another.

Next enter Madam *P——*; who was *tried* by the Prince *Elector*, and *Harry Compton* was his *Taſter*. This will neither ſettle Maſter *Vowell's* Eyes nor his Conſcience; for he has *liquored* her with many a Pot, and *toaſted* her; and ſhe promiſes much in her *Cups*. Beſides her Faculty in *Drink*, ſhe is good at all *Games*; but eſpecially at *cogging* the *Die* and the *Codpiece*——[Tho' we cannot rank her Aunt, my Lady *Mary S*-----, among the *Nine*, yet (it being Pity they ſhould be parted) ſhe may paſs for an *Appendix*, being ſo faſt *hung* to my Lord *P*---, that his Lady *rambles* without Suſpicion, and ſets down this as a *Maxim* in our *Female Common-Weal*;

That Ladies, *when their* Lords *new Objects mind,*
Should, in Revenge, go play Cat after Kind.]

It were Pity the *Third* ſhould be left out, who ought indeed to have been *firſt* in Order. Shew as confident as you ſpeak, Miſtreſs *Phil. M*——, whoſe *Rhetoric* is *Ribaldry*, whoſe *Element* is *Brandy*, whoſe *Wit* is *Baudry*, and whoſe *Beauty* is *blaſted* with her own *Breath*, carrying with it a *Damp* that will kill a *Spider*. She *ſwears* with a *bonne Grace*, and makes War both *offenſive* and *defenſive*; *Offenſive* with *Sherwood*, whoſe *Lordſhip* is an *Aſs*; *Defenſive* with *Lenthal*, whoſe *Courage* is *Wit*. This Lady will be ſure to *match* the *Man*, if ſhe but knows the *Length* of his *Weapon*. She is often *purged*, but ſtill vows *Drinking* to be the beſt *Phyſic*; and delivers this *Maxim*:

If any Thing makes Woman *more* divine
Then Men, *it muſt be quick and mighty Wine.*

Make

Make Room for the *Fourth* (with the new-elected Colonel *Corbet*) by Name Miſtreſs *H*——, Siſter to the afore-mentioned Lady, who neither in *Quantity*, *Quality*, *Action*, *Paſſion*, or any other *Predicament*, is one Whit leſs remarkable. She has lived theſe *thirty* Years in the ſame *Extremes* that the reſt of her *Siſters* now begin with. *Tom Temple* had never been *arreſted* for the Two Hundred Pounds, if he could have *plyed* her *Buſineſs*, in *Earneſt*, as well as *laugh* at his own *Jeſts*.—Let old gouty *Aſh*, of the *Parliament*, take Heed; for *that* in the *Noſe* is not ſo eaſily cured as *that* in the *Toe*: And the Cavalier *Corbet* and his *Miſtreſs* may chance to make him croſs *Apothecaries Bills*, and *Bawdy Reckonings*, inſtead of the *Accounts* of the *Kingdom*: For, after a full *Beer-Glaſs*, ſhe alſo ſet down this for a *Maxim*:

The Members *ought*, *now* Cavaliers *are* poor,
If they will ſhare *a* Miſs, *to pay the* Score.

The *Third* of the *Siſters* makes up the *Fifth* of our *Worthies*. Enter Miſtreſs *C*——, with a *P*——*s*-*P*——*t* on her *Head*, a *Pipe* in her *Mouth*, and a *D*——*l*——*e* in her *Tail*. *Aſh* runs thro' this Family, as his Brother-Commoner *Howard* (known heretofore by the Title of Lord *Howard*) runs thro' the Family of the *M*——, and has made moſt of their *Iſſue* free *Deniſons*, being more *Engliſh* than *Scottiſh*. We underſtand, from the Books of Maſter *Cook*, at the *Bear* near the *Bridge-Foot* (who muſt needs be an exact *Accomptant*, having being a *Committee-Man*) that, from *Mid-ſummer* to *Michaelmaſs*, One Hundred Pounds, *Sterling* have been beſtowed by Maſter *Aſh*, upon this Lady, in only *Wine* and *Tobacco*, to cheriſh her in the Maintenance of her excellent *Maxims*; of which the Chief is:

She who with rare Tobacco *will not prime*
Her Noſe, *can be no* Lady *of the* Time.

Now

Now for a *Worthy* in good Earneſt, and the *Sixth* of our Number, *viz.* my Lady *Wildgooſe*, alias *Veledicus*, alias Miſtreſs *S*——; who reckons *Continency*, either to *Husband* or *Servant*, the worſt of the ſeven *Deadly Sins*; having lately reſolved to *try* all who will *try* her, tho' ſhe paſs thro' the moſt *Fiery Trials*. Many a ſad *Journey* has ſhe made; but of late two into *Scotland*, to *fit* her *Engliſh Meaſure* according to the *Italian*, with Sir *Bernard Gaſcoign*. She finds *Wine* to be of a rare Quality; for it ſaves her the Charge of *Vermillion* for her *Beak*, being at a great Expence upon her *Cheeks*. This Lady *plays* as well at the *Beſt* as at the *Beaſt*; ſhe *drinks* well, ſhe *ſwears* enough for *Six* of the *Nine*, and has often been *Catterwauling* with Sir *John Morley*: Her *Maxim* is:

'Tis not enough our Sex *ſhould* drink, whiff, whore,
Except they ſwear *G——d D——s by the Score.*

And now, ſince the *Widows* wear the *Buskins*, let them *tread* the *Stage* boldly; and ſo enter *two* more of our *Worthies* at once, *Aunt* and *Niece*, our *Preſbyterian* Lady *S*——, and our *Cavalier* Lady *C*——; the one being *drunk* at Receit of the News of her *Husband's* Death out of *France*; the other very *jolly*, with Maſter *Howard* of *Berkſhire* in her Arms, at the *Tidings* of her good *Man's* being dead at *Colcheſter*; and ſince that ſhe has a *Rubbers* every Week with no leſs than *Five*, for Variety Sake. The Controverſy between theſe *two* is, *Who can* drink *moſt*; and then they quarrel for the Conqueſt. *Tom Temple* and Colonel *Jephſon* are their *Seconds*; the firſt of whom loſt his *Hair*, and the other had like to have loſt his *One Eye*, in deciding the Buſineſs. But what care theſe Ladies? Their *Maxim* is:

She's no true Miſtreſs, *tho' ſhe* rants, drinks, ſwears,
Except ſhe ſets her Servants *by the* Ears.

To

To bring up the *Rear* of the *Nine*, enter the incomparable Lady of an Old *Low-Country* Colonel, who has run thro' moſt of the Regiment, both *Officers* and *Soldiers*. Since her coming to *England* ſhe has *traded* never a Jot the leſs in the *Low-Countries*. She dearly loves *Wine*; and of all *Wines* ſhe is for *Sack* in *Glaſſes*; and of all *Glaſſes*, ſays ſhe, "give me *Beer-Glaſſes*." She keeps open a *Free-Port* for all *Merchants*, and *trucks* with all Language and Nations. She is *Comptroller* of the *Club* among the *Ladies*; is excellent at the *Beginning* of *Healths*, viz. "*To the beſt* —— *in* Chriſtendom," —— and at the *Ending* of *Stories*, for ſhe fits them all with a *Bawdy Comment*. She is honoured with the Title of *Lady-Governeſs* to the three illuſtrious *Siſter-Worthies*, Miſtreſs *M*——, Miſtreſs *H*—— and Miſtreſs *C*——. Her chief Deſign is to reconcile and compoſe all the Differences between the *Two* former; and then, when theſe *Four* are together, there will be a fit Society for the * Devil: Their *Maxim* being thus:

They're Fools *who will not our* Example *follow*,
And, once a Week, *meet at our* fam'd Apollo.

If any of theſe *Ladies* want a *patched* and *powdered* Old *Fool* to attend on them, let them ſend to my Lord *N*——, whoſe Coach and Self will be ready at a Call; eſpecially if he be upon a Viſit at my Lady *K*——'s, about Supper-Time, where they are all upon *Free-Quarter*.

By Way of Concluſion, in the laſt Place, we are to give Notice of certain Ladies, called *Courſers*, whoſe *Recreation* lies very much upon the *New-Exchange*, about *Six* o' Clock at Night, where you may *fit* yourſelf with *Wares*, of all *Sorts* and *Sizes*. But take Heed of my Lady *S*——; for ſhe ſweeps the *Exchange*, like a *Chained-Bullet*, with Maſter *Howard* in one Hand and Maſter Fitz-*James* in the other.

There

* *The* Devil-Tavern *in* Fleet-Street.

There is my Lady *Catherine S——*, with Maſter *Salkeld.*
The new Widow *S——*, with Colonel *Bredridge.*
The Lady *M——*, with Maſter *Brown.*
The *two* Miſtreſs *S——s*, with Sir *John Morley.*
Miſtreſs *W——* in Contemplation of *David Walter.*
Miſtreſs *K——*, with Colonel *Rainsford.*
The Lady *Mary S——*, with Maſter *Vowell.*
Miſtreſs *L——*, and Sir *Thomas Sandys.*
The Lord *Blaney* and Miſtreſs *R——.*
The Lord *Middleſex* and the Lady *T——.*
Miſtreſs *W——* and Maſter *Touchet.*
The Lady *C——* and Maſter *Cranfield.*
Miſtreſs *W——* and my Lord *Denbigh.*
The Lady *C——* and *Dudly Sonds.*
Miſtreſs *C——* and Maſter *Broncker.*
Miſtreſs *F——* for a *Whiffler.*
Miſtreſs *J——* and *George Colt*; and ſome-times Maſter *Coghill.*
Miſtreſs *K——* all alone.
The *C——* Family, with who they can get.
The Lady *F——*, with the Lord *Northampton.*
The Lady *P——* and the Lord *North.*
The Lady *D——* and the Lord *Sherwood.*
The *ſeven* Siſters of the Lord *S——*, and
The *four* Miſtreſs *S——s*; all very fleet *Courſers.*
The Lady *N——* and Maſter *Edwards.*
Sir *Thomas L——* hopping before *twenty* Women, and
The Lord *W——*: — *Cum multis aliis, quas nunc preſcribere longum eſt.*

Theſe, and many more, you may *buy*: But, beware you repent not your Bargain. In the mean Time,

G—d keep the Authors *from the* Blades *who ſwagger:*
From Poiſon, Piſtol, Cudgel, Sword *and* Dagger.

A Poſtſcript, *to the* Intelligent Readers.

MARTIALIS, *Lib.* VI. *Epig.* 45.

Luſiſtis, ſatis eſt; laſcivi cedite cunni:
Permiſſa eſt vobis non niſi caſta Venus.

Lib. V. *Epig.* 62.

Criſpulus *ipſe quis eſt, uxori ſemper adhærit*
Qui, Mariane, *tuæ?* Criſpulus *iſte quis eſt?*
Neſcio quid dominæ tenerum qui garrit in aurem,
Et ſellam cubito dexteriore premit?
Nil mihi reſpondes? Uxoris res aget, inquis,
Iſte meæ?
Res uxoris agit? Res nullas Criſpulus *iſte;*
Res non uxoris, res agit iſte tuas.

Lib. VII. *Epig.* 9. *Ad* Olum.

Centenis futuit Matho *millibus,* Ole; *quid ad te?*
Illud diſſimules ad te quod pertinet, Ole,
Quodque magis curæ convenit eſſe tuæ.
Uxor Mæcha tibi eſt: hoc ad te pertinet, Ole:
Sed quid agas ad me pertinet, Ole, *nihil.*

Lib. IX. *Epig.* 42.

Pontice, *quòd nunquam futuis, ſed pellice lævâ*
Uteris, & Veneri ſervit amica manus.
Hoc nil eſſe putas? Scelus eſt, mihi crede, ſed ingens,
Quantum vix animo concipis eſſe tuo.
Ipſam, crede mihi, naturam dicere rerum;
Iſtud quod digitis, Pontice, *perdis, homo eſt.*

Lib. XI. *Epig.* 23.

Diviſit natura mares; pars una puellis,
Una viris genita eſt: utere parte tuâ.

THE

LOYAL SATYRIST.

SINCE the Liberty of the Subject, and Free Quarter; ſince new Lights, and ſelling Malignants by Inch of Candle, the World hath produced *Mercuries* as faſt as *Darby*-Houſe-ſpawn'd Committees, or Committees ſtarted Delinquents. For, why do *Weſtminſter-Abbey* Lubbers ſit ſo long, but only to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could repreſent them black enough. The fitteſt Emblem of the Parliament-Houſe, is a Turky-Pie, the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas, poor Infants! We muſt be whipped, and yet not have Leave to cry: Kiſs the Rod that ſcourged you. Women in ſome Countries never love their Husbands till they be well beaten by them; and certainly our *Reformers* would have us as good-natur'd as their Spaniels. And indeed, to what Purpoſe is Hue and Cry ſent after a Troop of Horſe? It were ridiculous for a Conſtable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwel*, or make privy Search into *Lenthal*'s Exchequer, eſpecially ſince the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedæmonian* State. For when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering muſt needs be Statutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate?* Felony already is a Crime only in ſome ſilly Wretches, who are puniſhed for it; but Parricides are ſtill above the Reach of Juſtice. While two Armies murder and impriſon, an honeſt Man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of *Cannibals*, a poor innocent Cutler ſhould be hanged

hanged for grinding a Stilletto. Pillories are more cruel than Scaffolds, or perhaps *Prin*'s Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterbury*'s Head.

But Lord! to what Height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequeſtration and Exciſe? Nay, the Primitive Zeal had almoſt melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themſelves. A Pſalm of Mercy is even denied the Chimes, and Maſculine *Tom* of *Lincoln* muſt be gelded into a roaring *Meg*. *Round-Heads* and *Atheiſts* hate Superſtition; only *Cromwel* and the *Devil* are afraid of Croſſes.

It is well Churches ſurvived thus long; for ſince my Lord *Brook*'s Groom and Coachman propagated the Goſpel, *Chriſtians* were born in Stables only. So *Job* came to be a Saint; but upon a Dung-Hill. And why may not a ſanctified Whipſter be a Heaven-Driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Biſhops? Who would have thought that Snap-Haunches and Basket-Hilts were of Apoſtolic Inſtitution? or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino?* *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have *Chriſtian* Churches been converted into *Turkiſh* Moſques, and Abbies have been made Neſts for Rooks and Daws. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holy-Days muſt be aboliſhed, and ſo farewel Saints and Angels. All renounce *Whitſun-Tide*, and yet boaſt the Holy Ghoſt. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquiſhed by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is ſubdued by another Devil. *Time*'s Sithe was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect *Round-Head*. But an Execution muſt have ſome Reprieve. All ſtickle for their *Powder-Treaſon*: The 'Prentices reſcue *Shrove-Tueſday*, and the Siſters muſt be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Obſervat.ons? They can feaſt themſelves without a *Chriſt-Maſs*, and ſtarve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Fridays* and welcome *Monthly Faſts*; adieu Idolaters, and welcome New Moons. This ſtill Sow hath devoured more than all the Biſhops Hoſpitality. Their Idol

Humil:a-

Humiliation, like *Bell*, conſumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much Faſting hath made them *Cannibals*. They can ſay Grace over Mummy, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Strafford*: As if they had abſtained only, as Beaſts tied up, that they might ſavagely devour poor Martyrs more greedily. Nay, they eat up each other. Both the *Hothams*, like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified *Biſhop*. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is Deſtruction both to their Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook*'s New Light at laſt blinded him: He was firſt made a Mole, and then earthed: A fit End for the Underminers of a State! *Lucas* and *Liſle* were both revenged, ſince the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled: For as he was regenerate, ſo he died twice. It is thought his Sea-ſickneſs purged the better half away: The Haddocks had as good a Breakfaſt as the Worms. *Craſſus* built a Sepulcher to his deceaſed Lamprey: And what was all this Funeral Pomp dedicated to, but an Otter. To be Mourners at the Death of a Water-Rat, is a Vanity beyond being Maud-lin drunk. Why all theſe ridiculous Attendants? A ſingle Sculler is good enough to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution-Day. We ſee a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The Worthy was but two Wheels above an ordinary Villain, and differed only in the Blackneſs of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And moſt of the Heroes are ſuch twiſted Pieces, one knows not from which Part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alcoran* writes Prophets, others think Impoſtors. The Devil will ſtill be black, tho' the *Indians* paint him white. All their Patrons die, like *John Huſs*, both *Heretics* and *Saints*; nor can we diſcern, whether it is a Martyr or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say*'s Sanctity is ſomewhat like his Son *Nat*--'s Valour: The Jewel hath too much of *Briſtol* in it. The Dog in the *Tower*, tho' Proof againſt Lions, is no *Daniel*. O what godly thing is the Sign of the Hand-Bible! What a devout Company of *Saints* are *Rebecca*, her Book, her Pattens and her Stool!

Stool! For all muſt together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing Houſe. I wonder ſhe is never apprehended for carrying Burdens upon the *Sabbath* Day. Well, this Coif and Croſs-Cloth, this Blue-Apron'd Saint is as much in the Church as the Parſon's Hour-Glaſs, the Haſſocks, or the People who are buried there: Nor will ſhe tire with a ſingle Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin*'s to *Tellin*'s, and hold out killing of a Brace or two, and all long Courſes. Thus are they carried from *Ordinance* to *Ordinance*, like Beggars from one Church to another, that they may ply at both Places.

And what are their *Levites* but their *Friers Mendicant* for both the Houſes? Not a *Sunday* ſince the Combuſtion paſſed without a *Brief*. How oft have they picked our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland?* This Knack has been as beneficial as their Plundering. As much hath been gotten by a *Good your Worſhip*, as by a *Stand and Deliver*. We could never get out of the Church without a Compoſition: The Parſon's Application was certainly directed to our Purſe: Every Motive ſtrained our Pockets, and the laſt Uſe was a Uſe of *Sequeſtration*. See how the Pulpit-Duelliſt fights with *Bellarmine*; how he ſweats and toils, plays out all his Weapons, and (you may be ſure) hath got the better; but after with an Addreſs to the Spectators to throw him ſome Money.

Well, Who is for *Aldermanbury?* You would think a Phœnix preached there, but that Birds will flock after an Owl as faſt: And a Foot-Ball in cold Weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant Dog-Day Zealots. But it is worth the crouding to hear the Baboon expound, like the Ape taught to play on the Cittern. You would think the Church as well as Religion were inverſed, and the Antiques, which were uſed to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet theſe Apiſh Tricks muſt be the Motions of the Spirit, his Whimſy-Meagrim muſt be an Ecſtaſy, and Dr. G. his Palſey make him the Father of the Sanctified *Shakers*. Thus among *Turks*, Dizzineſs is a Divine Trance; Changlings and Ideots are the chiefeſt Saints;

and

and it is the greateſt Sign of Revelation, to be out of ones Wits.

Inſtead of a Dumb-Shew, enter the Sermon Dawbers. O what a gracious Sight is a Silver Ink-Horn! How bleſſed a Gift is it to write Short-Hand! What neceſſary Implements for a *Saint* are Cotton, Wool and Blotting-Paper? Theſe Dablers turn the Church into a Scrivener's Shop. A Country Fellow laſt Term miſtook it for the *Six-Clerks-Office*. The Parſon looks like an Offender upon the Scaffold, and they penning his Confeſſion, or a Spirit conjured up by uncouth Characters. By his Cloak you would take him for the *Prologue* to a Play; but his Sermon, by the Length of it ſhould be a Tailor's Bill: And what treats it of, but ſuch Buckram, Fuſtian Stuff? What a deſperate Green-Sickneſs is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on Coals, and Dirt, and ſuch Rubbiſh Divinity? Muſt the *French* cook our Sermons too? And are Frogs, Fungos and Toad-ſtools the chiefeſt Diſh in a Spiritual Collation? Strange *Iſraelites!* who cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt Mildew, and Manna. Certainly in the Sun-ſhine of the Goſpel Clouds are the beſt Guides, and Woodcocks are the only Birds of Paradiſe. I wonder how the ignorant *Rabbies* ſhould differ ſo much, ſiuce moſt of their Libraries conſiſt only of a *Concordance*. The Wiſe-Men's Star doubtleſs was an *Ignus Fatuus* in a Church-Yard, and it was ſome ſuch *Will o'th' Wiſp* ſteered prophetical *Saltmarſh*, when riding Poſt to Heaven, he loſt his Way in a Foreſt. Indeed their rare Gifts have one Property of the Spirit, to be Inviſible, and ſo much of Revelation as not to be underſtood; like the Muſic of the Spheres, which never was heard.

But Cyphers may make an Aſſembly, tho' no Number: And what can we expect from an A B C Synod, but a Catechiſm? *Mount Sion* hath at laſt brought forth a Mouſe, tho' it was long enough in ſpawning to have been an Elephant. They have Reformation *Paul's* Work, and O may they have the Scaffolds for their Pains! For what have they given us for Lawn-Sleeves but Sack-Cloth and Miſery? Inſtead of Liturgies they have brought

brought upon us all thoſe Afflictions, we there prayed againſt. The Church, while beautiful, was the *Whore* of *Babylon*. Their Zeal was never hot enough, till it had ſcorched them into *Black-Moors*. Too much fair Weather, forſooth, had almoſt ſtarved us. Seven Years purging would kill a *Hercules*. To be always ſnuffing, muſt at laſt put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them, who dare Article the Creed, and attempt to reform the Apoſtles?' Theſe will ſhrive the whole *Bible*, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c. ſo long backwards, that they have made ſome believe it was Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliament's Spiritual Block-Houſe, and the Prolocutor was the Speaker's Eccho. All the Divines, like Prieſts of old, were inſpired from Vaults, and the Lower-Houſe.

Oh! How ſweetly did the Syren-Repreſentative ſing at firſt? How quickly it brought forth Deſtruction, and proved a Monſter? *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five Years, and this Butter-Print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night. For what have our precious States done, but cured and ſmothered little Diſeaſes with the Plague? They have redreſſed the *Counter*, and, by all their Reformations, made the Kingdom at laſt truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them, and by ſpinning backward they have made Ropes for their own Necks. Silly Conjurers! who have raiſed a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Leaſe of your Dominion is out. Face about! Now the Fiend muſt be Maſter. Thus ſhall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles puniſh Synods Sacrilege. Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Iſraelites*.

Who would have thought that there ſhould have been a Reformation beyond Root and Branch? Or that there ſhould be ſuch Antipathy between a Spider and a Toad? Soldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating and Deſtruction. This *April* (they ſay) ſhall diſſolve a Triennial Parliament, adjourn Eternity, and put an End to Perpetuity. *Cromwel* hath Wolves enough

to

to ſilence the *Speaker*, and make *Lental* a dumb Dog. Alas, poor *Directory!* Thou muſt give up the Ghoſt too, the Spirit muſt the Way of all Fleſh. Now Law it ſelf muſt be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine Humour would it be to ſee *Wild* fairly *Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Soldiers? And *Rolls* coach it up *Holborn* inſtead of *Fleet-ſtreet?* O! that they may have their Coifs all turned into Night-Caps, and inſtead of *old* Women become *proper* Men. Since the Members Regent were in Durance, the two Houſes look like the Repreſentations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the Diſtinction of Upper and Lower? *Cromwel* will ſerve both for King of Hell, and Prince of the Air. *Warwick*, for all his Juggling, may perhaps ſuffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a *Leveller*, he fettered the Sea: and why may not theſe put the *Amiral* in Chains? *Prin*'s Head muſt after his Ears, and the *Speaker*'s Bags will e're long prove him a *Judas*. My Lord *Say*'s White Powder is no longer ſilent and innocent, but muſt ſubmit to *Cromwel*'s Black. *Pembroke* may be viſited, and *Mancheſter* univerſitied: One is not Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be ſecure. And indeed theſe are *Saints* in Compariſon of *Cromwel*'s Life-Guard. *Hammond* is a *Chriſtian*, compared with *Rolf*. The Head-Quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum:* The Soldiers are not good enough for Gibbets; in their Reformation, the Gallows is under Perſecution, and *Tyburn* ſuffers Martyrdom. Not one of *Peters*'s 1500 *Saints*, but may, with St. *Francis*, give Place to the Devil. If theſe propagate the Goſpel, it muſt be as the Painter finiſhed his Picture by defacing it, when the Sponge did the Work of his Pencil. To hope for Reformation from *Levellers*, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect beauty from a *Negro*. *Agitators* are as good Phyſic for a ſick Church or State, as Chips of the Gallows are for the Ague. There is not a Soldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt; that being ſooner louſy than his Linnen. They void their Principles at every Sermon, nor do they go to Church, but to Stool.

And

And well may they part with them ſo eaſily, ſince their Religion is no better than toaſted Cheeſe; every Man is his own Cook, each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Prieſt and Soldier. Revelations are ſo common, that the Spirit is become a meer *Familiar*. You may be of all Religions, but the *Proteſtant*, as the *Pagans* worſhip all Gods but the True One. As if that Uniformity did not become the Church as well as Confuſion; and the Surplice were not as handſome as the Beggars Coat. *Roſſiter* is *Jew* extraordinarily *circumciſed*, Root and Branch. *Martin's* Paradiſe is the ſame with *Mahomet's*, his Heaven is only in a *Seraglio*. *Cromwel* may paſs for a Pope *Joan*, or the *Whore* of *Babylon*, and differs only thus much from a *Papiſt*; they torment themſelves, he other Folks. He believes in Merits ſo far, that he thinks he ſhall be ſaved by Villanies, and go to Heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theſeus*, becauſe he hath been in Hell. Indeed all of them are Religious Mimicks, Devout Vizards; and if Sanctity be Snot or the Pox, and ſeated in the Noſe, they are as perfectly God's Apes, as the Devil is. Theſe zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, tho' in Hell, amounts upwards.

But they are Angels, only that they may be Devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk*, till he be a *Chriſtian*. They put on Religion to murder the King, as that damn'd Monk poiſon'd the Emperor with the Euchariſt. They bring in Reformation, as the old Poets did their Gods, to conclude their Tragedy more eaſily. Bloody Conſpiracies are always ſhrouded under Leagues. When a Maſſacre is intended, they chime all-in to *Sicilian Veſpers*. When they cry out *the Church! the Church!* they mean our Grave. What Degrees of Miſery are flung upon us! After a Parliament comes an Army: Rods are turned into Scorpions. We have all theſe Years been almoſt ridden to Death by a Night-Mare, and now muſt be tormented with Devils. Had we waked in Time, we might have diſmounted that Load: But nothing now under a Miracle can diſpoſſeſs us of theſe Legions. Theſe *Turks* ſhall enjoy the *Holy Land*, while we

poor *Jews* ſojourn at home, and live Strangers in our own Country. They level others, but advance themſelves. Angels deſcend, but it is the Devil's Poſture to be raiſed up. All, who have kept their Innocency, muſt be ſtripped, while theſe Buff-Sinners ſtand it in Beaſt-Skins.

But *Cromwel* wants neither Wardrobe nor Armour: His Face wears natural Buff, and his Skin may furniſh him with a ruſty Coat of Mail. You would think he had been Chriſtened in a Lime-Pit, and tanned alive, but that his Countenance ſtill continues Mangy. We cry out againſt Superſtition, and yet worſhip a Piece of Wainſcot, and idolize an unblanched Almond. Certainly, it is no Human Viſage, but the Emblem of a Man-drake, one ſcarce handſome enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelped him when ſhe was a Bitch. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a Jewel in the Head of a Toad? Yet this Baſilisk would King it, and a Brewer's Horſe muſt be a Lion.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he ſhould claſh; for they are both Cubs of the ſame ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill carved, as that Goblin painted: The Grandam Bear ſure had bliſtered her Tongue, and ſo left him unlicked. He looks like a Snail with his Houſe upon his back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a Natural Snapſack, and may ſerve both for Tinker and Budget too. Nature intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore fixed a Biaſs upon him. His Mother longed for Pumpions. He was begotten in a Cupping-Glaſs, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath diſordered the Symetry of the Microcoſm; ſunk one Mountain, and thruſt up another. One would think a Mole had got into his Carcaſe before it is laid in the Church-Yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the viſible Type of *Æneas* boulſtering up his Father, or ſome Beggar-Woman indorſed with her whole Litter, and with-Child behind. You may take him for *Anti-Chriſtopher* with the Devil at his Back. O that Knot-Graſs ſhould purge the Kingdom! We muſt be ridden by a Camel, and reformed by the Sign of the Dolphin: You would think that he were *levelled* ſufficiently: But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the Wall, tho' it be built with a Buttreſs.

But *Harvey* is not ſo much for *levelling* the Men, as *Martin* the Women. Look to your *Jane Shores* you *Lombard*-Street Men: He brings no Maiden-Troop: This is no Eunuch General. The Stallion is of ſo prodigious an Itch, you would think he had been gotten of

Lot's

Lot's Wife, after ſhe was turned into a Pillar of Salt. He is the Bane of *Guiacum*, and the Deſpair of Syringes. So excellent gifted for a Conventicle, that he will edify you out of *Cornelius*'s Tub. Are the *Godly-Ones* like Sacrifices, never accepted till they are burned? Is there no Way to deſtroy the *Whore* of *Babylon*, but by a Town-Bull? Strange, that none of the *Luthers* can Reform without Nuns! Dr. *Burgeſs*, forſooth, muſt have his *Hagar*: And *Peters* cannot propagate the Goſpel without Marrow-Bones, without the Help of Lamb-Stones, and the Butcher's Wife.

Martin is not ſo great a Sinner againſt one Commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will out-throw him half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine*'s Pictures moralized, the other for the *Covenant* incarnate. *Martin* for a *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*, and *Pembroke* for a *Knight* of the *Poſt*. This *Hercules*, inſtead of a Worthy, is nothing but an Adverb of Swearing: He ſwallows the *Covenant* as eaſily as an ordinary *Dam-me*. This Landſcape, this Map of Nobility differs as much from a *True Briton* as a *Mountgomery* Beacon from a Star, or a *Welch* Leek from St. *David*. Yet rather than not be famous for ſomewhat, he will murder the Univerſities, like that Villain who burned *Diana*'s Temple to get himſelf a Name. This is the Second Part of *Mancheſter* to the ſame Tune, *Kimbolton* of the Second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a Roaſted Pig. He carries a dull foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, tho' it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in a Univerſity than Monkies in a Glaſs-Shop: He would make an excellent Chancellor for the *Meuſe*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers*. His own Houſe is an Academy for Hawks and Spaniels, and a Hoſpital for many Cures, Glanders, and the Faſhions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderneſs at home, and is ſo much given to his brutiſh Society, that you would take him for *Nebuchadnezzar* turn'd Beaſt. *Oldſworth* is his Crony, becauſe his four-legged Animal: For what are *Michael* and his Lordſhip, but a blind Man and his Dog? And any Kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as ſuch Earls. Some Dogs ſcorn *Cromwel*'s Health, and will not eat, but for King *Charles*. Tho' Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been ſtoried Royaliſts and Linguiſts too, the blind Whelp hath not Docility enough to know his Maſter. Yet ſhall he be the People's Idol too, and a reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the E-

left, tho' he is not ſo much a *Chriſtian* as the Thorn at *Glaſtenbury*.

But why may not my Lord Billet in Heaven, as well as *Will. Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradiſe rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed for theſe who change Religion every Year, the fitteſt Goſpel is an *Almanack*. But who would take theſe Star-Gazers for the *Wiſe-men*? Well, Wiſe-men they muſt be; but the Queſtion is, Whether of *Greece* or of *Gotham*? O, the Infallibily of *Erra Pater*, *Lilly*! The Wizzard, perhaps, might do much at *Hot-Cockles*, and gueſs well at *Blind-Man's-Buff*: But I durſt undertake to poſe him with a Riddle, and ſtand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An over-turned Salt is a ſurer Prophet. The Sieve and Shears are Oracles to him. A whining Pig ſees farther into a Storm. Rats will prognoſticate the Ruin of a Kingdom with more Certainty: And as for Palmeſtry, a Gypſie, or *Derrick* may be his Tutor. The Wittal is cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who, being conſulted to diſcover a Thief, could not ſmell out who had ſhit at her own Door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling Things paſt, and calculates the Deputy's Nativity after he is beheaded: And then by ſtarting a Prophecy, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwel*'s ſwift Malice, depoſe the King five Years before-hand, and inſtruct *Rolf* how to be damned. Impious Villains! to make the Spheres, like the Aſſociated Counties, and the Heavenly Houſes ſo many Lower-Houſes, fix a Guilt upon the Stars, and perſuade the Planets are Rebels: As if there were a *Sequeſtration*-Star, or any Conſtellation looked like a *Committee*. Away with your Bulls and Bears! Should we be ſubject to their Influence, each Conſtellation would make a Man a Beaſt, every Planet a wandering *Jew*. What fit Inſtruments are Aſtrologers for Rebels? Heaven as well as *Paul*'s is made a Stable. Their Propheſies are, like Pictures, commendable, becauſe they look every Way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much Truth to the *Turk* as the *States*. They are all born under *Gemini*, every Prediction is a Twin. Oracles muſt all ſpeak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent muſt have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has Chriſten'd himſelf an Ape of Hell: *Merlinus Anglicus* is nothing but an *Engliſh* Devil: He might ken all *Phænomenas* upon Earth better, would he, for Prey, like the Kite, deſcend. What are all our New Lights, but ſo many prodigious Meteors, exalted perhaps

haps from Dunghills, admired a while for Stars, and are found on Slime and Jelly? *Cromwel*'s Noſe is a Comet in-Grain, and the Grand Eclipſe, certainly, is no *Common-Council*.

If the *Londoners*, by this Time, have not enough of *Parliament*, may they ſtill fight with Images, and adore a Repreſentative; ſtill quarrel with Superſtition, and worſhip the Hoſt of Heaven. They will perceive at laſt what Kind of Phyſic is Reformation, and being drunk once a Month. Sure all the Women in the City are with-Child by *Martin*, and ſo longed for Levellers. For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Biſhops? Muſt *Abel* ſtill ſuffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his *Holineſs* was the Pope, and Juſtice on *Prynne*'s Ears a Piece of *Auricular Confeſſion*. Their *Deputy*, forſooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor Aſs for drinking up the Town Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit Knight* vanquiſh his *Idol-Grove*: So may the *George* on Horſe-back ſubdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their victorious Gambols, both Man and Horſe, become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for your *No Plumb Pottage?* Nay, what hath all your Plate got you, but Iron-Sides? Examine all your Preſſures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not ſo rank, as Exciſe for Turds. The Dung-Hill is ſweeter than the Jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended Soldiers were your Maſters, the Livery-Men walk as if they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turned Delinquent, what doth the Lord Mayor but ride the Horſe? And what are the Aldermen but ordinary Red-Coats? Thus the Parliament, like *Spaniards* fatal Room, inſtead of Treaſure, hath coined Deſtruction and Invaſion. Like ſilly Mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a Star, and ſo ſplit your ſelves on your Security.

But the States have redeemed all by their Treaty: Yet that was but a Death-Bed Repentence; they laid down their Commiſſion juſt before they were to be caſhiered. The *Turks* impriſoned their Emperor: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *CHARLES* muſt ſuffer more than one ſingle Perſon can inflict: Levellers heat the Fire ſeven times hotter. No Mercy, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any thing from Hell but *Lethe*. Theſe *Medes* and *Perſians* are unalterable; *Daniel* muſt to the Lion's Den, *Hurſt-Caſtle*. What can ſucceed the Dungeon but Execution? What can a King expect but Death, who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement [illegible] tranſlat[illegible]

tranſlates him out of the World. *Cæſar*'s Tragedy is beſt preſented in the Senate. *Weſtminſter* (alas!) is the ready Way to the Tombs.

Cromwel muſt triumph with the Axe before him, tho' that, as of old, ſhould properly be directed to the Conqueror. *Lilly* can prognoſticate no fair Weather till the Sun ſet Red. The Queen muſt ſubmit to Mother *Shipton*, and *CHARLES* be murdered to fulfil old Prophecies. Thus ſtill Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The King can never pleaſe them, till he looks, as in his Coin (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Moloch*-Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the *Devil's* Altars) and ſacrifice Men for pure Innocent Ones. They cry out againſt *Idolatry*, and yet are *Cannibals* in *Superſtition*. As the *Covenant* was ſealed from the *Biſhops* Veins, ſo *Levelling* muſt be ratified by the *Blood-Royal*. The *Presbyter*, of the two, proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the *Independent*, as a Tinker from his more Savage Trull: One ſtripped and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat. One ſilenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other made them ring out for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Blood, only this *Pilate* would waſh his Hands. *Presbytery* made him an *Anchorite*, and *Independency* a *Martyr*. This kills *CHARLES*, and that the KING. To prepare the Axe is little better than to give the Blow.

Now we ſee what it is to be made a GLORIOUS KING by *Rebels*: What the *Devil's* Landſcape means, when it promiſes *all* the *Kingdoms* of the *Earth*. In the Trial, as at the general *Dooms-Day*, all appear naked. Now there is none diſguiſed but *Gray*, or the *Hangman*. Henceforth take Heed of *Vizards*, tho' never ſo holy. Murders are beſt committed in Maſquerade. But yet all their Slaughters are Expiations, and their Hands are whiter for being waſh'd in Blood. They muſt be thought *Iſaacs* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Iſraelites* but thoſe who have the Blood of their *Meſes* on their Doors. Thus they can ſin, and yet preſerve their Saintſhips. As *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe is both a Brothel-Houſe and a Nunnery; his Virgins whore it, and yet continue *Veſtals*; are Heavenly Bawds and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at laſt why *Plays* went down; to wit, that *Murders* might be *acted* in *Earneſt*. Stages muſt ſubmit to Scaffolds, and perſonated Tragedies to real ones. Mock-Shews of Cruelty are but poor Feaſts to their Fleſhed Appetites. Leaches will ſuck no Pictures. They hate all Images and Fables; but muſt murder the KING in Sincerity and Truth. No need of heightening Revels; theſe *Herods* can behead with-

without the Allurements of a Dance. Theſe Tragedians have outvied Invention, and acted what Monſters, in their moſt monſtrous Wiſhes, could hardly reach. The Head and Members have but one Neck; our compendious *Caligulas* have diſpatched not only the KING, but the *Kingdom* too, at a Blow.

It is the *Thief's* beſt Part to kill the Judge; and great Robberies are ſeldom committed without Blood. Or elſe, what Wolves but would have tended ſuch a *Romulus*? Such an *Elius*, what ominous Ravens would have fled? A Prince! whoſe Goodneſs might rather have feared Idolatry than Injury; deſerved rather to be prayed to than condemned, made a Saint than murdered. A Prince! whoſe Merits were ſo far above all Flatteries, that the Oilieſt Courtier was as ſcandalous as *Peters*, and Encomiums defamed as that *Rabſhekah* of *No more Addreſſes*. His Sight, his Wiſdom was at firſt eclipſed; but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Lightning, and whom he could not illuminate at laſt he ſcared into a Belief. But yet he ſtill ſhewed more of the Dove than of the Serpent, and it was the Want of Gall that made him loſe his Head. When Waſps and Hornets uſurp the Hive the Royal Bee ſuffers, becauſe without a Sting. They turned Wolves becauſe the Lion was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to ſlay, but have his Throat cut: And he muſt now bleed for not bleeding ſeven Years before. Tumults forced him hence, and the laſt great Tumult murdered him.

Thus, thus he dies! A Prince whoſe Innocence had taught Poiſon Allegiance, made Piſtols *Royaliſts*, and kept *Rolf* from being curſed. A Prince for whom *Hotham* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Priſoner, and *Shimei Prynne* undertook a Vindication. *Hammond* at laſt becomes a Captive to his Charge: The good Apoſtle converts his Jailer. He diſarms the Rebels even with his Fetters, and, like the Hands of Providence, is then moſt powerful when it is thought moſt weak. He ſubdues, as if the Caſtle were not his Priſon, but his Fort. It is a Queſtion, whether he was more miraculous for curing Diſloyalty or the *Evil*. *Hammond*'s Blindneſs was as deſperate as the *Woman*'s. He diſpoſſeſſes ſo faſt *Cromwel* can ſcarce find *Devils* enough to be the Exorciſt. Let the Vipers but kiſs his Hand and they are innocent. Had *Bradſhaw*, who condemned him, been longer on the Bench, or ſingle, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive Ark. But oh! At the Scaffold he engroſſes Miracles. There he Chriſtens by Wholeſale. That one Blow ſlew more Rebels than all theſe ſeven Years. Our *Sampſon*, tho' ſhaved both Hair and Head away, kil[led]

more *Philiſtines* at his Death, than all his Life-Time. Now they would ſwear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage to a dipped Hankerchief. They adore his very Ghoſt, and will atone their Rebellion by being Subjects, now there is no King. And who cannot continue loyal to ſuch a King, who dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuſe to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a *Chriſtian* better than moſt Divines can deſcribe one; and bred Doctrines freelier than they can ſpeak them. He ſhewed Graces the School-men ſcarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the Scaffold, in one Hour, than from the Pulpit, in an Age. His Paſſion was greater than all Queen *Mary*'s Days, and he ſuffered more than the whole *Book* of *Martyrs*.

APOLOGY *for the* Exchange-Women; *in* ANSWER *to ſome late* Aſperſions.

AN *Exchange-Woman* does as far exceed a meer Gentlewoman, as a civil Tradeſman does a common Shark; having a commendable Calling to vouch for her Honeſty. She has one Bow with two Strings; being generally born to a competable Fortune, ſhe wiſely ſhrowds herſelf under the ſafe Covert of a good Trade. To ſecure her Felicity, her Shop ſerves her inſtead of a Nunnery; where being buſied with the Concerns of a laudable Calling, ſhe forgets, or neglects the Debauches of the Town. She is rail'd in like an Altar, and ſecur'd by a Partition as a Thing that's ſacred. She is as tempting as the Forbidden Fruit, and has a *Noli me tangere* for her Motto. She needs no other Purgatory, having gone thro' the ſtrict Diſcipline of a ſevere Miſtreſs, whereby ſhe becomes ſo accuſtomed to Vertue, that at Length it grows Natural. She is that politic

tic Hermophrodite, who acts the Part both of Man and Woman, in preſerving both her Honour and Family. A large Book, with a little Title; being really worth five Times as much as her Fortune. She is an Intail for Life; and whoever has her may reckon he has purchas'd above a Hundred a Year.

As for her Original, ſhe is generally the honourable Off-ſpring of ſome Country Gentleman, who being curs'd with a Multitude of Bleſſings (I mean Children) and by Ambition made ſlave to his Eldeſt Son, is forced to piece out his Daughter's Fortune with a profitable Employ, which is often the Stirrup to ſublimer Fortune.

Her Education is as gentile as her Birth; and ſhe knows not but ſhe is a Fortune till ſhe goes to receive it. She is reſpected according to the Noiſe of her Father's Eſtate, which is generally two hundred a Year, and kept as fine in her Child-hood as if ſhe were to enjoy it herſelf.

Her vertuous Education breeds in her ſo ſweet an Innocence, that ſhe dreads to look in a Man's Face, for fear of diſcovering his Deſires at his Eyes; and if he ſays but 'Faith, ſhe preſently corrects him for Swearing. She has ſuch a Propenſity to Goodneſs, that ſhe acts it unawares, and often ſurprizes both herſelf and others with her own Vertue. She is as ignorant of Vice, as of *Terra incognita*; and tho' ſhe deſigned to be wicked, ſhe would not know how to effect it: She often wonders at the Production of Mankind, and lives to eleven or twelve Years of Age before ſhe is convinc'd, that ſhe did not ſpring out of the Parſly-Bed.

Thus having the Advantages of a gentile Birth, good Education, and vertuous Inclination, ſhe is deſign'd by her Parentr, whoſe Affections are larger than their Bags (their Quality obliging them to live up to the Height of their Eſtate) to be put under the diſcreet Tuition of ſome honeſt and able *Exchange*-Woman, thereby to obtain an honeſt and honourable Employment, to ſecure her from thoſe Storms of Fate which are commonly ſevere on little Fortune.

That the Employment is as honourable as any other Inland *Trade* cannot be denied, they enjoying the ſame *Privileges*, dealing in rich *Commodities*, and having attain'd as great Eſtates, as any other Vocation whatſoever; which hath induc'd many noble Families, ſtreſſed by War, or Accidents, to bring up their Daughters to this Calling, wherein ſome have prov'd ſo fortunate as to give a happy Reſurrection to their whole Family: And at this Day, Heaven is ſo kind to their commendable Endeavours, as to recompence their g[illegible]

Deſigns with unexpected Succeſs; of which, ſhould I give a Catalogue of thoſe young Ladies, whoſe unparallel'd Vertue and good Deportment have tempted Men of extraordinary Eſtates to deſire them in Marriage, I ſhould write rather a Volume than a Sheet: But my Deſign in writing being only to reſcue that honourable Society, from the bitter Invectives of that ſatyrical Character, I ſhall forbear Particulars, and only acquaint you, that the *Exchange* itſelf is no leſs than an Academy, and the Youth therein, the diligent Student of Vertue and good Manners: 'Tis true, there are ſome Sub-Graduates, and other Miſtreſſes of Art, who, like kind and careful Tutoreſſes, take ſuch Pains with their Pupils, that they never leave inſtructing them, till they have made them as knowing as themſelves: If any prove vicious or Refractory, they are preſently expell'd.

So that an *Exchange* Maid is a refin'd *Vertuoſa*; one who has ſeal'd her Gentility with the Martyrdom of an Apprenticeſhip. She is as happy in her Shop, as a Miſs in a Play-houſe; and better pleas'd with the moderate Gains of an honeſt Trade, than the other is with the extravagant Allowance of a wild Gallant; ſhe is ſo far from being a Drudge to the World that ſhe ſits ſtill and gets an Eſtate.

The whole Town is her Labourer, and he who goes fineſt her greateſt Slave; who, as if his Money were a bad Commodity, fooliſhly exchanges it for Lace or Ribbonds; as Bubbles do to Gameſters, he brings her Caſh whether ſhe will or no: He is her mere Subject, and, like the *French* King, ſhe impoſes a Tax upon every Thing he wears. How then can ſhe be unhappy, when even our Fancies and Extravagancies contribute to her Welfare?

She is a Creature ready cut and dried for all Preferment; and no leſs than a Coach and Six can tempt her from her Employment. An arrogant Fop, who courts her for a Smile, ſwears he has got her Heart, and, with himſelf, contrives an Aſſignation; when ſhe only did it, either in Complaiſance to his Folly or her own Advantage.

A ſpruce Cit briſtles up to her like a Turkey-Cock, and would fain be *Trading*; but as ſhe has Attractions to draw, ſo ſhe has Diſcretion to ſlight his Amours: Her facetious Diſcourſe makes him think her eaſy to come at, when, indeed, ſhe does it as *Welſhmen* on Hills, who tho' they ſeem near together, are really likely never to meet.

In ſhort, her Smiles are innocent, as ſleeping Infants; and ſhe preſerves herſelf an unblemiſh'd Sacrifice for a happy Husband. She has all the Accompliſhments of a Gentlewoman; but if ſhe be defective

fective in any thing, it is in Vice, being un-acquainted with the Gallants: She is a Stranger to Deceit; and hating the Rating of a Coach, remains untainted with the Pleaſures and Debauches of the Town.

In her Shop ſhe patiently attends both her Buſineſs and Fate, and when ſhe marries, needs no Advice from a Mid-Wife, to cheat her Husband into the Belief of a Maiden-head. In fine, ſhe is happy as ſhe is; but if ſhe alter her Condition, Experience ſhews us ſhe may become a Dutcheſs.

To the EXCHANGE MAIDS.

THus I, like you, have waſted three Hours Time,
To hide your Wrinkles, and to make you fine:
Your ſickly Credits I ſo well reſtore,
I make you more renowned than before.
The Character, you know, was ſomething witty;
And, 'Faith, to ſpeak the Truth, I think it hit you.
The Author knows your Tricks, and ſpoke the more,
Becauſe he had been bit *by you before.*
His Paſſion, therefore, Ladies, don't admire,
A Child that's burnt, does always dread the Fire.
Kill him with Frowns——But caſt your Smiles on him
Who took this Pains to ranſome your Eſteem.
The Theme was barren, and did plague me more,
Than any Subject e'er I writ before.
'Twas full an Hour before my Muſe could raiſe
A true Expreſſion to ſet out your Praiſe;
Which that my brooding Thoughts did e'er impart,
Was more my Fancy than your due Deſert.
Like him who courts a homely Miſtreſs, I
Was forc'd to give my Conſcience the Lye.
And (Heavens forgive me) I know ne'er a Line
In all the Sheet, but what I think's a Sin:
And ſince you're Sinners too, I only wiſh
That we may ſin *in better* Sheets *than this.*

FINIS.

decive in any thing, it is in Vice, being un-acquainted with the Gal-
lants; She is a Stranger to Deceit, and hating the Ruling of a Court,
when the marries, needs no Advice from a Mid-Wife, to clear her
the is; but if the alter her Condition, Experience throws us the may
become a Duteheſs.

To the EXCHANGE MAIDS.

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NOtwithſtanding the real *Scarcity* of this *Piece*, and the MS. N.B. on the Back-Side of the *Title-Page* of that *Copy* from whence I tranſcrib'd it (intimating that, *very few of them ever came to Light*) I have met with one who actually has a *Duplicate*, nay and who threatens me hard with publiſhing a *Key* to it. Now, tho' this alarm'd me at firſt, as being what I ſo directly have declin'd even thinking of, in my *Epiſtle* to the *Courteous Reader*, yet, I now give one, to prevent its being done by any other Hand, to the farther Expence of thoſe who have bought off almoſt all the firſt *Impreſſion* (for I may preſume the ſaid *Keys* were not deſign'd to have been given, *gratis*, for public Benefit, out of a mere Motive of *Public-Spiritedneſs*) and withal having ſo great a *Call* for a *Key*, and much blam'd for not following my *Original*; moſt I meet with ſtrongly joining in Opinion with the Young Gentleman I mention, as to their Indifference with regard to what the World ſaid of their Great-Great-Grand-Mothers. Beſides, as the good Old Wife ſaid, *'Twas a long while ago*, and a Grace o' God, *it mayn't be true*. But ſuch a *Thing* was Printed, in the Year ſpecified, which I now revive, with no other Meaning than this; *I thought it worth Revival*. And why I now give it with a *Key*, is becauſe, as is ſaid, I am grumbled at for doing the contrary.

A

A Compleat KEY *to* NEWS *from the* NEW-EXCHANGE, *&c.*

PAGE 1. alias 5. Lines 4 and 3 from the Bottom. for *K*----, read *Kent.* for *E*-----, r. *Exeter.* P. 6. l. 3. r. *Kent's.* *Ib.* l. 4. r. *Exeter's.* *Ib.* l. 12. r. *Carliſle.* *Ib.* l. 25. r. *Peterborough.* *Ib.* l. 30. r. *Rutland.* *Ib.* l. 31. r. *Devonſhire.* P. 7. l. 2. r. *Salisbury.* *Ib.* l. 6. r. *Sandys.* *Ib.* l. 7. r. *Liſle.* *Ib.* l. 8. r. *Salisbury.* *Ib.* l. 9. r. *Sandys.* *Ib.* l. 17. r. *Devonſhire.* *Ib.* l. 23. r. *Cranborn.* *Ib.* l. 32. r. *Peele.* *Ib.* in the *Note.* r. *Sandys* and *Liſle.* P. 8. l. 2. r. *Forſter.* *Ib.* l. 18. r. *Pratt.* *Ib.* l. 20. r. *George Pratt.* *Ib.* l. 26. r. Sir *George.* *Ib.* l. 33. r. *Gamlyn.* P. 9. l. 13. r. *Hungerford.* *Ib.* r. *Edward.* *Ib.* l. 21. r. *Kingſmell.* *Ib.* l. 25. r. *Norwich.* *Ib.* l. 28. r. *Rutland.* P. 10. l. 2. r. *Luſon.* *Ib.* l. 10. r. *Fairfax.* *Ib.* l. 12. r. *Luſon.* *Ib.* l. 30. r. *Denbigh.* P. 11. l. 3. r. *Heveningham.* *Ib.* l. 11 r. *Lake.* *Ib.* l. 14. r. *Heveningham.* *Ib.* l. 18. r. *Duns.* *Ib.* l. 23. r. *Ireton* and *Caſtlehaven.* *Ib.* l. 24. r. *Lambert.* *Ib.* l. 25, 27, 28. r. *Craven.* *Ib.* l. 32. r. *Howard.* P. 12. l. 2. r. *Middleſex.* *Ib.* l. 13. r. *Winchester.* *Ib.* l. 20. r. *Bath's.* *Ib.* l. 26. r. *Monmouth.* *Ib.* l. 34. r. *Stanhope.* P. 13. l. 10. r. *Montague.* *Ib.* l. 13. r. *Montague.* *Ib.* l. 20. r. *Savile*, alias *Suſſex.* *Ib.* l. 24. r. *Newport.* *Ib.* l. 26. r. *Porter.* *Ib.* l 28. r. *Marlborough.* *Ib.* l. 29. r. *Newport.* P. 14. l. 2. r. *Darcy* and *Stanhope.* *Ib.* l. 3. r. *Cheſterfield.* *Ib.* l. 4. r. *Stanhope.* *Ib.* l. 17. r. *Cullen.* *Ib.* l. 19. r. *Cokaine.* *Ib.* l. *ult.* r. *Pembroke.* P. 15. l. 3. r. *May*, *Banbury*, *Crompton.* *Ib.* l. 8. r. *Herbert's.* *Ib.* l. 19. r. *Crompton.* *Ib.* l. 31, and 32. r. *Peterborough.* P. 16. l. 3. r. *Petre.* *Ib.* l. 9. r. *Sheldon.* *Ib.* l. 11. r. *Petre.* *Ib.* l. 18. r. *Mohun.* P. 17. l. 2. r. *Harris.* *Ib.* l. 18. r. *Campbell.* *Ib.* l. 22. r. *Murrays.* P. 18. l. 3. r. *Salkeld.* *Ib.* l. 19. r. *Stapleton.* *Ib.* l. 20. r. *Campion.* P. 19. l. 13. r. *Mohun.* *Ib.* l. 14. r. *Harris*, and *Campbell.* *Ib.* l. 21. r. *North.* *Ib.* l. 23. r. *Kent's.* *Ib.* l. 29. r. *Sandys.* P. 20. l. r. *Scott.* l. 2. r. *Sandys.* l. 3. r. *Montague.* l. 4. r. *Skipwiths.* l. 5. r. *Wintour.* l. 6. r. *Kirk.* l. 7. r. *Sheldon.* l. 8. r. *Luſon.* l. 9. r. *Roper.* l. 10. r. *Thimblebee.* l. 11. r. *Wilde.* l. 12. r. *Crompton.* l. 13. r. *Wenman.* l. 14. r. *Cary.* l. 15. r. *Crew.* l. 16. r. *Finch.* l. 17. r. *Jones.* l, 18. r. *Kingſmell.* l. 19. r. *Corbet.* l. 20. r. *Fulgeum.* l. 21. r. *Petre.* l. 22. r. *Downs.* l. 23. r. *Sandys.* l. 24. r. *Soames.* l. 25. r. *Norton.* l. 26. r. *Longueville.* l. 27. r. *Windſor.*

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